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divine art, the Chevalier Gottschalk, who in a letter published in the Atlantic Monthly about a year ago, says:

"Brignoli, notwithstanding the defects his detractors love to heap upon him, is an artist I sincerely admire. The reverse of vocalists who, I am sorry to say, are for the most part vulgar ignoramuses, he is a thorough musician, and perfectly qualified to judge a musical work. His enemies would be surprised to learn that he knows by heart Hummel's concerto in A minor. He learned it as a child when he contemplated becoming a pianist, and he still plays it charmingly. Brignoli knows how to sing, and were it not for the excessive fear that paralyzes all his faculties before an audience, he would rank among the best singers of the day."

This evening when Louis came in to lay the cloth for our evening meal, I inquired who was the singer at the Prince Albert? "Mademoiselle," he replied, "*c'est un grand artiste du Theatre Lyrique.*"

I have another interruption to record. Half an hour after the transpiration of the incident that I have just recorded, and when I had again resumed my study of the magnificent sonata, there was a knock at my chamber door, and the lovely, fair-haired artist, Mary Elma, and her lady mother were announced. A morning call from this little busy-bee, the talented and admirable portrait artist, is no usual occurrence. But having just finished a picture of one of America's representative women,—representative of republican ideas at the imperial court of France,—she was enjoying a little *flânerie* with *Madame sa mère*. Madame is one of New England's queens of intellect, transplanted to old Albion, but now upon a visit to her artist daughter, who resides in beautiful Paris. Although I had long known the daughter, this was the first time that I had ever met her distinguished mother—distinguished long before I was born, as an author, lecturer, and physician (benevolent triad); therefore I looked upon Madame as a very interesting and somewhat awesome personage. She was attir'd in a dress half conventional and half that of a religieuse: a black flowing gown, a *chapeau noir*, over which was thrown an ample white veil falling nearly to the hem of her robe, and in her fragile hands she held a bunch of white blooming lilies. Madame was quite exhausted by her toilsome ascent to *le troisième étage*, but her pale-blue sibylline eyes declined to participate in any weakness of the frail body, and shone with that resplendent fire that reveals the fertility, force, and noble quality of her brain.

Mademoiselle called to invite us—that is, mamma, my sister and myself—to her art-rooms tomorrow evening to see the picture. Other guests there will be: artists in literature, artists in music, and artists in colors. We are to have music, some wise talk, and tea. How delightful!

CECILLA.

#### NEW COMIC OPERAS IN PARIS.

The metropolis of art and fashion is also the native promotress and cheriferon of every description of musical comicalities, which make their appearance there, or in other great cities. They are generally distinguished by the good taste which is profusely lavished upon them, and are not deficient of wit. The comic opera without producing exactly anything like what we decorate with the denomination of comicalities—a

thing rather elastic, for elastic constitutions to digest—is a charming institution, suited to the French character, and extremely dainty and careful about the charming incidents which it generally illustrates on its semi-musical stage, with more or less classical music. But it is an institution all over the country, immensely appreciated and most deservedly so, and has no less than three magnificent temples, for the comic-musical worshippers, in the French capital. When the immense moral value and civilizing influence of the comic opera, becomes better known in the United States, New York will be anxious to beat Paris by one or two similar establishments.

One of the new comic operas out in Paris, retranslated from the German is the "Merry Wives of Windsor," a sequel to a "Midsummer's Night Dream," which was a good composition thirteen years ago. But more of the Merry Wives of Windsor on a future occasion, when our own merry wives, God bless them! will have fully enjoyed their summer *villesiatura* and be pleased to graciously smile upon us and upon many other more pleasant looking objects, which the fall and winter season hold in store for them.

Much ado about nothing, isn't it, fairest of all readers? I was going to tell you something about another new comic opera, "La Colombe," the turtle dove—how sweet it sounds—in two acts, by Gounod, the libretto by Messrs. Jules Barrier and Michel Carre, the arch librettists of our time. It was born in one act with its forms somewhat confused in appearance, so that when the doctors came to examine the child they found out that there was the stuff to have a jolly pair of twins. The baby was first heard of at Baden-Baden through the interpretation of Roger and Madame Miolan Carvalho. But after it had undergone the professional examination, those who heard its first modulations, it is asserted, were at a loss to recognize the twins. I do not wonder at this at all; if I was a mother, any transformation of the kind would doubtless puzzle me much.

Well, the poem is taken from one of Boccaccio's anecdotes, which La Fontaine told in verse in that peculiarly simple and cunning style of which the "bonhomme" has carried the secret with him over to the other side of the bridge of eternity. This has been thoroughly manifested, measured out, scanned, yarned out and spun out by the impresarii, it seems, to everybody's satisfaction. All's well that ends well. Mr. Ch. Gounod has written on this poetic trifle a very graceful partition full of charming incidents, which are generally understood at first hearing. The introductory adagio was listened to and received with great favor; it contains a remarkable violoncello solo, with a most original horn accompaniment.

The first song of the prima donna was enthusiastically ancored; the tenor parts were rendered with great effect and drew repeated applause. But the introduction to the second act is the gem of the piece, being a supple, graceful and elegant melody, executed by first violin with harp accompaniment. It was received with the same applause which commemorated the beautiful phrase of the string instruments in *L'Africaine*. The various artists who contributed their talents to the first performance, were all in capital condition, as is always the case in the capitals of Europe, owing to the excellency of their stage discipline and the very serious objections of the public to half and half work.

The names of the authors were loudly called for—in order to receive the honors of acclamation

—for everybody knew them, and the house was made to tremble with applause. This "Colombe" seems to possess wing enough to have a good flight, and we may hope to hear more of her flutterings through the "Opera Comique." The author of "Faust" can afford to let fly such a gentle bird while preparing another eagle flight. Meanwhile there seems to be little stirring here with a view of encouraging the deserved popularity of such a charming musical institution as the comic opera.

L. M.

#### SCULPTURE IN ROME.

##### THE WORKS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

In the English Art Journal for June there is an article on "Lady Artists in Rome," from which we take an extract or two, hoping it may tempt our artistic readers to peruse the whole: "Mrs. Freeman, to whom, for obvious reasons, we give precedence, is an English lady by birth, and American by marriage. Twenty years of her life have been spent in Rome, eight or nine of which have been devoted to sculpture in the round. Her *genré* is that of 'Putti' (children), and as if to supply the want of that which has been denied to her, she throws all the tenderness of her woman nature into the pretty marble statuettes and heads which she creates. Who that has seen it will forget her 'Sleeping Nelly,' an idea taken from that inimitable character of Dickens in the 'Old Curiosity Shop'? Poor, deserted Nelly, deserted by all but Providence, lies extended on her rough mattress, while guardian angels are watching at her pillow. This, one of her earliest works, is in the possession of Mr. Terry. Very similar in character are the 'Princes Sleeping in the Tower,' all unconscious of the danger which menaces them—a group executed for Mr. Bowring. Pretty little statuettes, too, and ideal and portrait heads, have been made by Mrs. Freeman; but her *capo lavoro*, perhaps, is a vase, not a commission, intended to be cast in bronze. In twenty-four figures in relief she describes a Bacchanalian feast, all of them children frolicking in the full gaiety of youth, some dancing, some playing on musical instruments. Vine leaves and grapes fill up the intervals, while the pedestal is formed of three children who appear to have yielded to the saporific intuitions of the jolly god."

Again: "Of Miss Hosmer, an American lady, it is unnecessary to say much, so well known is this clever artist to the British as well as the American public. She arrived in Rome about twelve or thirteen years since, and studied for some time under the great master, Gibson, of whom she was a favorite pupil. One of the first, if not the first, of her sex who adopted the profession of sculptor in the Eternal City, Miss Hosmer excited not a little curiosity, and later as much admiration, by the elegance of her designs and the cleverness of her execution. Her 'Puck' on a mushroom, which has often been repeated, was one of her earliest successes. 'Zenobia' added much to her reputation; but to our mind none of her works has greater or so much merit as her 'Sleeping Faun.' The ease of position, the perfect *abandon* of the figure, are wonderfully given, and we are half disposed to step lightly lest we may disturb the slumber so graphically described. At present Miss Hosmer is modelling, as a companion to it, the 'Waking Faun.' A youngster of the same family is seated on the ground by his side, and, taking advantage of the somnolency of his parent, has managed to bind